

How Asher Trained his Dragon V2

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Summary: Second version of one of my stories. Asher is not the best Viking, and not the best people person: he's grouchy, sarcastic, bitter and hostile. But what happens when he meets a downed NightFury? Will he gain a new outlook on life? GB Astrid in this story.

1. Berk Sucks

****THIS IS THE NEWLY IMPROVED VERSION OF HOW ASHER TRAINED HIS DRAGON!****

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><p>Genderbent, Role-Reversal version of HTTYD. What if Astrid (Asher) was the fuck-up and Hiccup (Hicca) was the badass. Enjoy my little rendition.

'This is Berk. It's about twelve days north of Hopeless and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. My village. In a word? Sturdy, and it's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunset. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice, or mosquitoes.'

We have dragons.

I slammed the door shut behind me as a super bright red dragon shot a big cluster of fire straight at it. I could feel the burning heat through the door as my back pressed into it, and though I wasn't strong at all I managed to keep the door shut. Then I peeked out, checked that the coast was clear, and dashed outside into the chaos.

Fighting dragons is everything around here. Most people would leave.

Not us. We're Vikings. We've got stubbornness issues.

A giant brown dragon that looked like a cross between a pig and a bumblebee flew past me. A Viking was hanging off its head, whacking it with a stone hammer. It was having absolutely zero effect.

There's me. Asher River Hofferson. By the way, great name, huh? It's not the worst, I'll admit; parents think that if their kid has a hideous name then it'll scare off trolls and dragons and shit. I don't know my parents, so I wouldn't know this for sure.

I tripped over a rock and landed on my back on the grassy floor. I gasped as a large, menacing looking Viking landed almost on top of me and let out a loud battle cry. When he saw it was just me, he gave me a sloppy grin and said, "'Mornin'!" before springing up and dashing off back into battle.

I got up too and kept running, trying to find a place where I could be safe and help out at the same time. As I ran, every single person I passed yelled at me. "What are you doing out here?" "Get back inside!" "Get in the house!" I ignored them and keep going, but before I could get any further, a large hand grabbed my vest from behind and pulled me back, my feet dangling about two feet off the ground. The hand belonged to a huge Viking with a large red beard and a moustache. "Asher?" he said in quite the annoyed tone. "What are youâ€"who let you out? Get in the house!" He threw me on the floor, and I quickly got up and ran away from him.

That's Stoick the Vast, chief of our tribe. They say that when he was a baby, he popped a dragon's head clean of its shoulders. Do I believe it? I don't know, ask him.

I glanced back behind me and saw him punch a dragon right in the snout. He turned to one of his men and asked in a commanding voice, "What have we got?"

"Gronkles, Nadders, Zipplebacks. Oh, and Hoerk saw a Monstrous Nightmare," the Viking reeled off.

"Any Night Furies?" demanded Stoick.

The Viking shook his head. "Not so far."

Stoick nodded and absent-mindedly brushed a flaming piece of wood off his shoulder. "Good. Hoist the torches!"

The Vikings lighted large braziers and raised them on poles into the air. The firelight revealed dozens of dragons flying overhead.

I finally reached my destination and dashed inside the blacksmith's cabin. "Nice of you to join the party!" a burly Viking with a long braided moustache greeted me, using his artificial hand (replaced with a hammer) to hammer a piece of red-hot metal into shape. "I thought you might have been carried off!"

"Nah, you know me," I boasted, "Those dragons can't handle...all of this," I finished, trying to conjure up a few muscles. Hey, it is true, no one can handle all of this masculinity. It's virtually impossible; all the ladies want a ride.

"Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?" the Viking asked innocently, grabbing a sword and a couple of axes and tossing them out the window to a few more Vikings approaching. He tugged the hammer off his hand and replaced it with a wrench to work on another project.

Oh hardy har har!

Way to ruin my moment. Way to freakin' ruin it!

This huge dude with the interchangeable hands and the attitude is Gobber. I've been his apprentice, and he's been like my guardian since I was little. Well, littler than now, anyway.

As I rushed forward to help with something, a small group of people dashed past the window, arguing and shouting. I dashed up to the window to look. They were all kids my age, about fourteen or so, swarming around a cannon, all carrying buckets of water to dump on a nearby fire. Oh, and that's Fishlegs (my sort of friend), Snotlout (idiot number one), the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and then, there's her.

A girl with long, auburn hair dashed forward with her bucket and chucked the contents straight at the fire. As she swung herself around to walk forward, a dragon shot a big missile of fire right behind her, creating a big dramatic burst of flames behind her as she walked, almost in slow-motion, away from the cannon.

"Hmph, showoff," I commented to myself.

This was Hicca. Let me tell you about this piece of work. She's the chief's daughter, and she tragically lost her mother at a young age. When I was younger, I had, like, the biggest crush on her. Emphasis on the had. Hicca was hot, tough, brave, and overall, perfect. Don't get me wrong, she's still smoking hot, but unless she fixes that attitude, she'll never get a ride on my roller coaster.

Now there all happy, laughing, and giving each other high-fives, despite the fact that it looked like the apocalypse out there. _'There job is so much more awesome than mine_' That should be _me_ out there damn it!

Darting my eyes back and forth to make sure Gobber wasn't in sight, I climbed over the table and put my legs over. Suddenly, because fate is a bitch, something grabbed me and pulled me back in the shop.

"Come on, let me go, I have to make my mark," I exclaimed.

"Oh you've made a lot of marks all right," Gobber began, "all in the wrong places."

"Look, just two minutes. Give me two minutes and I'll kill a dragon. My life will improve somewhat. Maybe I'll even get the respect I so justly deserve." I left out getting a date, but that too!

Gobber shook his head and sighed. "You can't lift a hammer, you can't swing an ax, heck, you can't even throw one of these," he explained while picking up a bola. A Viking came and stole it from him and used

it against a Gronkle.

"True, true, but this bad boy," I said, motioning to my latest invention, "will throw it for me." I pulled the damn lever, expecting to hit a dragon, but I accidentally hit a person. Eh, he's a Viking, he'll live.

"See, right here, this is what I'm talking about," Gobber said annoyed. I chuckled nervously at my minor mistake.

"What? It was just a small calibration issue." He did not answer, he just kept looking down at me. "Oh you mean that guy I hit? Oh he's a Viking, he can take it."

"Asher!" Gobber began, "if you ever want to get out there and fight dragons, you need to stop all of...this," he finished, motioning to me.

"You just pointed to all of me," I said incredulously. What's wrong with me, I'm f**kin' amazing, you just don't know.

Gobber nodded. "Yes, that's it, stop being all of you." So that's how he wants to play, huh? OK, ok, I can play that way too.

"Ohhhhh...you sir are playing a dangerous game! Keeping this much raw manliness contained. There will be consequences!" Yeah that oughta teach him. If you can't realize that I am using sarcasm, you're an idiot. No offense to any socially handicapped people, of course.

"I'll take my chances. Sharpen sword, now," he responded. I closed my eyes, sighed, and did the task. One day, that'll be me out there. Then I'll have my respect, then girls will be lining up to go out with me.

Let me see: killing a Nadder will sure get me noticed. A few Gronkles will be tough, but surely I'll triumph. Zipplebacks, double the head, double the love for Asher. But there's one that's never been seen before that will definitely give me the number one spot.

"NIGHTFURY!" Oooh, that'll get me tons of women.

No one had ever killed a NightFury before and I'm going to be the first.

"Man the forge Asher. They need me out there. Stay. Put. There. Well you know what I mean." With a loud battle cry he rushed into the battlefield.

Making sure he was out of sight, I threw off my apron and grabbed my hand made catapult before running to a secluded area.

I stood there with my weapon poised in front of me "Come on give me something to shoot at. Give me something to shoot at!" Suddenly something black whizzed nearby, which startled, not scared, the hell out of me, causing me to accidentally activate it.

There was a loud roar and I saw that something fell from the sky. Oh,

Thor's hammer, Oh Thor's hammer.

"I did it! Yes! Did anyone see that?!" I cheered. Out of nowhere, my catapult got stomped on and I looked up to see a big Monstrous Nightmare looming over me. I hate you fate, with every fiber of my being.

"Well, except you," was all I said before I took off like a speeding bullet, all the while screaming "Why won't you bitches help me!"

The nightmare was suddenly punched to the side.

The bright red dragon roared at the man who had punched him who was none other than Stoic himself. The nightmare opened its vast jaws and spit out a tiny ember.

Stoic grinned "You're out." The nightmare gave a blood-curdling scream before flying off.

Seeing as how no one was paying attention to me at the moment, I slightly tip toed away from the crowd but for the third time that night someone grabbed the back of my shirt.

It was Hicca, and she did not look happy.

"Hello, Hicca," I said indifferently. Chief Stoic stood behind his daughter, ready for any action.

"Should I handle this, daughter?" he said. Hicca glared at me; here comes the big lecture. Oh boy, I can't wait to hear what she's gonna say.

"No dad, I think he'll understand if someone his age says it this time. Asher, all we ask is for you to stay inside safe and sound, but you always ignore us, and then disaster happens!" I've heard her yell at other people, but not like this. Honestly, I really don't feel like putting up with her or anyone else's bullshit right now, but I had to defend myself.

I groaned and rubbed my temples. "Ughhh, bitch, bitch, BITCH! That's all you're doing! And did I just hear that right? A-are you blaming me for everything that's happened? I didn't do that much damage."

"They've stolen half our livestock Asher! How can you say that you didn't do that much damage?"

"I didn't make them steal it, now did I? And here's a thought, maybe if we built our buildings with sturdier material then we wouldn't have so much damage on our hands, now would we?" I left out less flammable material, but I was on a roll.

"Everyone was so busy helping you-

"Yeah, helping someone is watching and doing nothing as they're being chased by a flying, overgrown lizard," I interjected sarcastically.

"- that they couldn't focus on the other dragons! Now our livestock is gone! I shouldn't need to remind you that my dad has an entire

village to feed and one day I will too!" she finished, completely ignoring me.

"The village can get more and between you and me, the village could go for a while without feeding." A few insulted Vikings put a hand over their large stomachs and scoffed at me. "Don't get mad at me just because you need to lose some weight," I added, smirking the whole way. Yeah, they couldn't attack me with the Chief in sight. Ha-ha!

"This isn't a joke!" Hicca shouted at the top of her lungs. I ran a hand through my blonde, matted coils of hair and put two fingers on the bridge of my nose.

"Don't you think I know that Hicca? Just because I tell the truth you don't think I take this seriously? Are you kidding me? Let me tell you something, at least I'm not out there being a showoff and thinking I'm the best of the best! You know what, you are unbelievable Hicca Haddock. Unbelievable." Good thing is, I hit a NightFury.

"What was that," she said. Damn, did I say that out loud. Oh well, might as well go with it.

"I hit a NightFury," I repeated. "And yes people, you may now admire me in awe!"

Hicca continued to stare at me for a few more minutes, until she had the most unexpected reaction.

She laughed. Yeah, dead serious, she laughed, along with everyone else. You know what, f**k this.

"G-Gobber, take him back home an-and make sure he stays there," Stoic said while laughing. Yes, even he laughed.

As me and Gobber were walking back, I heard those familiar jeers that have always tormented me.

Snotlout was just there laughing his retarded ass off. "I've never seen someone fail so well!" I rolled my eyes, fed up with this.

"Hey Snotty, why don't you go wet your pants again?" I can't wait to tell you that story.

His face turned red and he looked away. "That was like, 3 years ago Ash-hole." Yeah, that's my nickname around these parts. I got lots of nicknames for other people that I'll show you later on.

The twins chimed in with "That failure was inspiring! True genius! True! We bow to you!"

I clapped my hands and gave a sarcastic smile. "Well yes, my pitiful followers, that was grand. Now for my next act!" I shouted and put up both of my middle fingers while walking.

So yeah, that's how a day with Asher River Hofferson is.

Those f**king assholes!

* * *

><p>AN: So there you have it. My AU of HTTYD.

****In this new version, there's gonna be a little bit more bonding between our antihero and our favorite NightFury.****

****In my universe, Asher is still voiced by James Franco, because he's hilarious! :)****

2. A Friend, A NightFury and Training?

****Second chapter featuring our favorite well-intentioned, but grouchy protagonist. Enjoy HTTYD fans!****

* * *

><p>After we were out of ear shot of the rest of the village, Gobber gave me a shove and asked me "All right lad what's eating you."<p>

"You wanna know what it is? It's Little-Miss-Perfect back there putting blame on me!"

He sighed, he knew just as well as anyone else that I had a lot of issues with that showoff Hicca. "She just cares about this village that's all. Remember, she's got a big weight on her shoulders."

"I know, but does that mean that she has to take her aggressions out on me." I huffed angrily as I stood on the doorstep of my house. My lonely, empty house. "Is it because I look like a damn fishbone or something?"

"It's not what you look like that's making her angry, it's what's inside she can't deal with."

I slicked my hair out my eyes "Wow. Thanks for that vote of confidence. Real f**king helpful there."

"Lad, I know you're tryin' but you just can't be someone you're not."

I entered my lonely abode and closed the door behind me. "WHAT AM I THEN! HUH?!" I screamed to the ceiling, hoping for some, any kind of answer, but none came.

Shit, a guy just wants to feel special, that's all!

I calmed down and went to my room, where I looked at a picture of my parents. The one with the blonde ponytail, that's my dad, Fearless Finn. From what I heard about him, he was about as agile as a cheetah, and took down a shitload of dragons. He had all the respect, something I wish I had. Then the woman on the right with the braids, that's my mom, Phlegma the Fierce. The stories I heard about her; she was about as fierce as a Nightmare, or a Zippleback. No one messed with her, not even Chief Stoic.

"Mom, Dad. How I wish you were here," I whispered to the picture. I went to my cabinet and pulled out my friend right now: mead. Yeah, I

drink the hard stuff; besides I'm mature enough to handle it. Not to mention it's delicious. I took a lengthy swig out of the bottle and sat on my bed, thinking about how much of an eternal millstone I am and how much I hate it!

Oh come on, really? Really? Someone knocking at this specific time?!

"What?!" I said irritably.

"Um...uh...A-asher?" Oh I knew that voice all right, it's gotta be one of the most non-threatening voices in the village. I walked up, opened the door and I was right.

Fishlegs Ingerman. My sort-of best friend, emphasis on _sort of_. Good Thor this guy; if it wasn't for the fact that he was so damned sensitive I'd tell him to f**k off. But who has the heart to do that to the guy? I guess I'll just have to suffice for now.

"Oh, it's you," I said apathetically.

"And it's you," the fat guy said awkwardly. "So...just hangin' out?"

I took another swig from my bottle of mead. "So how do you plan to spice up my evening?" I asked sarcastically like I always do.

"Well, aren't friends supposed to help each other when they feel like crap?" Friends? Haven't really been that much of a friend, have you?

Damn, do I really show my inner musings that much around people? Maybe I do...eh, whatever. I guess I could let him in.

"Get in here."

So he followed me in and yeah, this is kind of awkward for me too, so he's not the only one suffering here. I pulled out a chair for the big guy to sit in; just because I'm not the nicest person doesn't mean I'm a bad host.

"Is this a genuine visit Legs or can I expecting a prank soon?"

"What, n-no! This isn't a joke I swear," he said anxiously.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

I set down my mead and I got straight to the chase. "I really did hit it Legs."

"A NightFury? The NightFury of legend?"

"Yes I did! No one else noticed 'cause they were running around like f**king morons, but I hit it! You have to believe me!"

"But come on Asher, you and I both know that a dragon that dangerous and fearsome wouldn't let itself be hit like that."

I was growing more frustrated by the second. "Legs, please work with me here."

But Fishlegs was still ever the more skeptical. "The fact that it's coming from you doesn't help all that much either."

"What are you saying? That I'm making this up just to get respect?! While I wouldn't be above that, even if it means getting women-no! No, Fishlegs, I am dead serious here!" Even if he was my sort-of friend, I am not taking lightly to that backhanded insult, unintentional or not.

The big guy sighed and shook his head. "I don't know Asher-"

"No, no Fishlegs, I-I see how it how it is. You've, ugh, you've let the others pervert you into thinking that I'm the one not to be trusted. What happened to you these past few years, huh?!"

He just sat there, looking kind of sad and unsure. "I-I just wanted to, you know, be more-"

"Be more what?" I said curtly.

"I didn't want to be an outcast anymore Asher. Maybe you did, and that's fine, but I didn't okay?"

I huffed intensely and took another swig of mead. "Look I gotta go Asher, so I'll see you some other time." And with that, he stood up and walked out the front door.

I finished off my bottle of mead and went to my bed dresser and took out a knife: my father's knife.

"Oh, I'm gonna show 'em the NightFury!" I said determinedly.

* * *

><p>So I made it to the other side of this dumb island, in the forest, and guess what: no freakin' NightFury! Yeah, I can't believe it either. I had my journal in my right hand, pen in another, and I angrily scratched out another location on my piece-of-shit map.<p>

"Why do the gods hate me?" I asked stepping over a fallen tree. "Some people lose their mug or their boot. Oh, but not me. I manage to lose a whole damn dragon!"

I sighed in pure annoyance before hitting a branch to the side only to have it snap back and hit me in the face. Ow! I rubbed my stinging face and said, "Even nature hates me! Bitch." Suddenly, I saw that the branch that had just effing slapped me in my beautiful face was part of a huge tree that was nearly split clean in two.

I looked down and noticed a large ditch followed by even more destroyed trees and ruined ferns. I proceeded to follow the debris before seeing a small clearing. I hid herself behind a rock and bravely peeked over.

Beyond the rock lay an unconscious black dragon.

I shriek a manly shriek before I ducked back behind the rock. Hey, men can shriek too! It is not girly! Shut up!

My heart was pounding in my chest so much, I thought that it was gonna burst out of my chest. "Calm down Ash, calm down," I reminded myself. With about as much courage as I could muster, which is a lot by the way, I got from behind the rock and stepped toward the dragon.

There was no doubt about it. This was the legendary NightFury. A NightFury that I, Asher, the so-called village screw-up, had captured. You cannot believe how happy I am at this moment. "I got it. I f**king got it," I whispered in excitement. Finally, my chance at getting respect, rubbing it in their faces, and hel, I might even get laid! EEEEEEE! Ignore that people. You didn't hear that!

Suddenly, the beast shifted and, like a real man, I jumped from fear. The dragon's emerald eyes opened up and stared right at me I then took out my knife, ready to strike at it. "Oh, you're going down. I'ma kill the shit out of you," I told the beast. I looked at it's eyes and it held a look of...sadness? No, this is a trick! Dragons have no souls, let alone feelings.

I shook my head and held my knife tighter. "No, I'm gonna take out your heart, and bring it to the chief, 'cause I'm a viking. I'm a Viking. I AM A DAMN VIKING!"

With that, the beast looked down and just...sat there. I looked at it one more time and it looked so helpless and lost. I couldn't take it. It reminded me of...her. Oh Thor, why? Why?

I walked over and cut it's ropes. My goodness, what the hel are you doing Asher? What the hel are you doing? As soon as it's limbs were loose enough, the thing pounced on me and growled. I did not scream; it's like I suddenly lost that ability. It opened it's jaw, preparing to eat me, but instead it roared and jumped off of me.

I did what any other true man would do at that moment...

I fainted.

* * *

><p>After I woke up, I realized that the sun had already set. "Shit!" I swore to myself. I ran back to the village as fast as I could. To get to my house, I had to pass that witch with a capital 'b' Hicca's house. OK Ash, just a few more feet, just a little more...<p>

"Hey Asher!" Damn, damm, DAMN! So close. I was so tired, and I did not want to hear any insults right now. I looked back and saw arrogance in human form running toward me...with that silky brown hair, perfect body, those eyes...

Wait, what am I saying? I don't like her! She's a showoff-y little priss. Screw you male hormones!

"You get your wish. My dad told me that you start training tomorrow morning like the rest of us." For some reason, I didn't feel all that happy about it. Should I go?

"Um...actually Hicca, I changed my mind," I said nervously. She raised an eyebrow at me in shock. "But ever since you were little, or little-er," Hicca began, remarking on my frame, "you've always talked about killing dragons. And besides, it's a chance for you to improve on all of...this."

"You just gestured to all of me." The second time this happened. Come on people, what is wrong with me?!

"Besides, you don't have a choice. My dad's making you," she continued on. Oh, me and the chief are gonna talk about this shit! We are gonna talk!

"And if you're thinking about talking to him, good luck. He's like super busy with the expedition to the dragon's nest right now." What is this girl, a mind-reader or something.

I sighed and gritted my teeth. 'This is bullshit,' I thought to myself. "Fine, I'll go," I hissed to Hicca.

"I thought so," she replied, smirking all the way. What I would give to wipe that shit-eating grin off of her face. " So we start tomorrow in the arena. Try not to get killed," she shouted over her shoulder as she walked away. My eyes stared at her back and scrolled down. Wow, it looks so round and firm-no!

Bad Asher! Bad boy! You are not supposed to like her! That crush is dead! She is the enemy!

But she's so attractive! Damn hormones!

* * *

><p>Second chapter of the new and improved version. Hope y'all enjoy this series, cause I do!

End
file.